

The Shandygaff Soiree.

To one who has met the men of the new Nevada—the Nevada that has blossomed into being from the discovery of Tonopah and Goldfield—irresistibly comes the thought that the Comstock of forty years ago must have harbored a like crew. Men of youth and strength and daring—men of might, who, while amply rich in earnest purpose, were yet not overborne by seriousness, nor unbalanced by lack of humor; who mixed work and play, laughed at the doings of today, and had no fear of, nor overweening care for, the morrow. The dominant note was one of cheerful optimism, of light-hearted gaiety. As in the Goldfield of today, "knockers" were innocuous; croakers were unknown.

During his recent visit to Nevada in search of material for a biography of Mark Twain, Albert Bigelow Paine made a trip to Virginia City, and falling into the hands of some local wags, was referred to a gentleman named Fillebrown as one primed to the neck with information regarding the great humorist's career on the Comstock. Paine spent the better part of a day, and a good many dollars for liquid refreshments on Fillebrown, only to be rewarded finally with the information that Twain had been a partner of his in those old days and that he didn't propose to "peach" on Mark by revealing the details of his early indiscretions. Paine laboriously endeavored to convince the reluctant Fillebrown that his intentions were friendly, that he too was a friend of Twain, and that he was not seeking for information discreditable to that gentleman. Argument and cajolery were alike in vain—even though accompanied by treats galore. Fillebrown, loquacious enough on all other topics, was absolutely mute on the one subject on which Paine desired him to converse. And when finally overcome by tender recollections of those departed days, he leaned forward, clasped his arms around Paine's neck, and rained copious tears on the importunate biographer's fancy waistcoat front, the scribe was hastily obliged to set sail for a more arid locality.

The truth of the matter was that Fillebrown had never met Twain, but if he had, there is no doubt that he could have done the subject justice. Partially illustrative of the truth of this assertion and of the justice of the reflections embraced in the introduction paragraph of these remarks, is Fillebrown's account of his first day or night rather, on the Comstock. It was in 1860, and he had just arrived from the east. He was familiar with but one name in the place—that of his cousin, the mining recorder of the district, whom he had never met. This man he looked up without delay, and questioned him as to the prospects for daily bread.

"Have you any money?" inquired the recorder. "Fifty dollars."

"Then go buy half a dozen quarts of champagne and a dozen of porter and bring them to my office."

Fillebrown, wondering, did as he was bid.

"Now," said the cousin, "be on hand here at 9 o'clock this evening."

Fillebrown was there on the minute, but ahead of him, seated at the recorder's long table, he found a crowd of men, and at the head of the table in the capacity, apparently, of chairman was seated the recorder himself. Before him, as before each of the others, reposed an empty goblet.

He promptly introduced the new arrival.

"Mr. Fillebrown, gentlemen. A shandygaff for everybody, Mr. Fillebrown."

It was necessary to explain to Mr. Fillebrown, newly arrived from the prohibition state of Maine, that a shandygaff was a beverage consisting in this instance of equal portions of champagne and porter. When he had mastered this simple problem in "mixology" as well as the more difficult one of pouring champagne from a bottle so that more of it would strike the goblet than the floor, the chairman lifted his glass and proposed:

"Your health, gentlemen."

All drank together, and in silence. After which the chairman solemnly uttered these mysterious words:

"The scenery is truly rural."

The man next the chairman on the right carefully and soberly repeated this cryptic utterance, the man on his right followed, and so it went round the table, until the last man on the chairman's left had, with intense precision, declared his belief that the scenery was truly rural.

"Fill them up again, Mr. Fillebrown," bade the chairman.

Again Fillebrown filled and poured, and again, with the same dignified solemnity did the chairman reiterate his proclamation that the scenery was truly rural. And again, with an utter absence of anything that might be even remotely constructed as levity, did the rest of the assemblage indorse the chairman's utter-

ance. And again was Fillebrown directed to "fill 'em up."

Somewhat dubious as to the ultimate returns from his fifty dollars and already speculating on where his breakfast was to come from, Fillebrown filled. And, as before, nothing resulted more tangible than a suggestion as to the rural quality of the scenery. But when the supply of liquids was almost at end, one of the company, who looked as though he might have had a drink or two before he got there, stumbled slightly in his pronunciation of the magic formula.

"The shenery," he gravely declared, "is truly rural."

"Five dollars, Mr. Jones," sternly admonished the chairman.

"What for?" inquired the evidently astonished Mr. Jones. "I said 'truly rural.'"

"Yes, but you also said 'shenery.'"

This assertion Mr. Jones vehemently disputed, and appealed to his neighbors for support, but they, without exception, agreed that he had, indeed, said 'shenery.'

"Besides," one of them reminded him, "it's against the rules to dispute the chair's decree."

"Collect the fine," directed the inexorable chair to Fillebrown, and he lost no time in doing so.

He was still forty-five dollars behind the game, but in the next round three more of the company "fell down." One of them declared that the scenery was "truly ural," the next man insisted that it was "truly rural," and the man who had before said "shenery," now, despite evident efforts at cautious precision, repeated the offense.

This meant twenty dollars in the treasury, which, however, had to be spent immediately for fresh liquid reinforcement. But the fines came faster as the consumption of the second consignment proceeded.

One of the party, who showed a steadily increasing disability to keep his eyes open, beckoned to Fillebrown.

"I'm going to shleep," he muttered drowsily. "You'll find—bunch of fives—vesht poek—(hic)—pocket."

For, as Fillebrown was to learn later, sleepers, too, were fined; that is such sleepers as slumbered too soundly to be awakened by a thorough shaking. As for such as were able to open their eyes and speak, it is hardly necessary to add that their thickness of utterance invariably entailed upon them the customary penalty.

The chairman was the last to succumb; a gentle snore from him was the signal for the cessation of the game. And Fillebrown, his trousers pockets bulging with a harvest of golden coin, finally slumbered with the rest.

He was awakened by the glare of the sun blazing in through the front windows of the recorder's office. His glance rested upon a curious scene. The company of the night before, all asleep, lay about the apartment in diversified attitudes of picturesque unloveliness. Some with bowed heads resting precariously on the table-edge, others sprawling full length beneath the table. One six-footer, evidently under the impression that he had found his bunk, had doubled himself up within the narrow confines of the wood-box. Another, his feet carefully composed upon a chair seat, his head on the floor, stolidly invited a congestion of the brain.

To the orderly New England mind of Fillebrown the scene was a harrowing one. Here were a number of the most prominent citizens of the community utterly incapacitated, and eternally disgraced—as he thought—by the cause of that incapacity. And worse than all here was his cousin, the recorder, in a plight similarly sad, with his office full of inebriated men, and the clock racing along toward the hour for opening—and in those busy days the recorder's office was wont to open at an hour incredibly early. (It might be mentioned here that this was a Sunday morning, but Fillebrown, in his long journey, had lost track of the days and dates.)

So, rousing himself, he hastily approached his cousin, and, grasping the recumbent figure by the shoulder, shook it vigorously. The sleepy official slowly raised his head, and gazed wonderingly at his disturber. Then, with a momentary gleam of recognition struggling in his drowsy eyes, he impatiently waved away the intruder, dropped his head upon his extended arm, closed his eyes, and uttered these words: "Tooral looral."

The one-time recorder is now an aged, wealthy and highly-respected resident of one of the cities on the other side of the bay. He is strictly religious and a staunch teetotaler, and such is the obliterating effect of time, coupled with a change of heart, that he would undoubtedly be intensely amazed and scandalized to be told that he had ever figured as chief promoter of such an unseemly revel as that described in this 'humble chronicle of a day when, for him and

his rollicking fellows, "ginger was hot in the mouth."—Reno Revell.

FINDS HIS "AFFINITY."

Matrimonial Bureau Sent Farmer Fake Pictures.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—"I never had no idee of appearin' as a witness afore the grand jury agin Miss Marion Grey of Elgin—Cupid's agent, she called herself—but the government called me to Chicago and I was bound to come."

"The truth is I ain't got nothin' agin' Miss Grey. She beat me outen \$5 in her 'Search Light Matrimonial Bureau,' all right. And I ain't exactly, as you might say, forgave her for sending a photograph of a city dude for me to my intended. But it's all right now. Fer'ry see, it was through her that I found the gal for me. I ain't never seen her yet, but she's agreed to marry me and we're goin' to get hitched as soon as corn huskin's over."

William Grable, 55 years old, of Dearbyn, Mo., pulled a home-made twist from the pockets of his jeans trousers and took a generous 'chew' as he lounged in the corridor of the federal building yesterday, waiting to be called as a witness against Miss Grey, the "finder of affinities." He is still waiting the call.

Though he admitted Miss Grey had swindled him in sending "fake" pictures, he looked upon her in the light of a benefactor. For she had brought him into correspondence with Miss Ida Goforth, 35 years old, of Corsicana, Texas.

The Missourian has forty acres and ten children back home in Pike county.

"Do you regard Miss Ida Goforth of Corsicana, Texas, as your affinity?" he was asked.

"I don't understand all these here new fangled Chicago terms," he answered, "but if you mean is she my gal, I don't mind saying that she shore is. I ain't ashamed to tell that here in Chicago, for I've done told it all over the state of Missouri."

After getting his \$5 Miss Grey declared Mr. Grable a full fledged member of the "Search Light Matrimonial Club," and sent him what purported to be Miss Goforth's photograph. It was the picture of an actress running largely to Marcel wave and décolleté corsage. Mr. Grable began a correspondence with the "affinity" that Cupid's agent had selected for him, and in time received a photograph of the real Miss Goforth.

"It wasn't nothin' at all like that actress party," declared Mr. Grable. "It was a picture of a fat woman with corkscrew curls. She was shore purty. I knowed as soon as I got eyes on the plecter she was the gal for me. She's pore, too. I don't want no rich woman. I got enough money myself to keep a wife comfortable, and that's all I want."

"Do you prefer a fat or a lean affinity?" Mr. Grable was asked.

"I like a fat gal," he declared emphatically. "I'm lean myself and I hate the sight about the house of a woman that's nothin' but skin and bones."

"I want to see a fortune teller as soon as I struck Chicago," he continued. "He called himself St. John the Twelfth. He sartly told me some amazin' things. Why he even told me of a near and dear relative that was killed by a mule around corn plantin' time last spring. The way that mule kicked my dear relative and drug him around a ten-acre lot was scandalous."

"But the best thing St. John the Twelfth told me was that I was a-goin' to get spliced to Miss Ida Goforth of Corsicana, Texas. He says, he, 'You air a-goin' to marry a stout, blonde, middle aged lady.' 'Do you suppose,' says I, 'that can be Miss Ida Goforth of Corsicana, Texas?' 'That's her name,' says St. John, and he goes off into a sorter trance and spells it out fer me. I'm goin' to hitch up my span of bay mules as soon as I git home and drive down to Texas and git that gal."

AGAINST WINE DRINKING.

Ministers Declare Grape Juice Is Making Women Vagabonds.

ATLANTIC CITY, Oct. 12.—Leaders of local church society are up in arms over the sensation created by the Rev. Clarence Strouse, an evangelist, on the Steel Pier last night, when he attacked drinking and card playing, which, he asserted, are among the chief amusement of seashore society. The address was made to a big gathering of society folks.

"After much observation among fashionable hotels, I am compelled to believe that drinking is rapidly increasing among women," he declared. "Wine today is turning hundreds of good women into degenerate vagabonds." The evangelist then described a scene in a parlor car while on his way to Atlantic City, in which he told of seeing young men kiss pretty girls, "with no more concern than if they had been alone."

Advertise In The Bonanza.

THIS FELLOW MET HIS "AFFINITY"

Met my soul twin today. She is beautiful, and they say her old man has oodles of coin. The moment I met her I felt that our twin souls had been seeking each other through space ever since the world was set rolling by the Great Artist.

I told Alice of my love this morning as we sat in the garden—a new Garden of Eden. I told her that it needed but Eve to complete its Adam's happiness. Rather a neat turn; must embody it in a sonnet. Read Alice—lovely name—my lines beginning "Through the empty aeons I have waited." She admired my poor lines excessively, which shows that she has been poetic insight.

Alice, I cannot live without thee! Today Alice agreed that we were twin souls, and we kissed each other; rather banal, perhaps, but soul-kisses are so little regarded by any but us poor geniuses of the true artistic temperament.

Alice's father is impossible. He asked me how I would support his daughter. The old curmudgeon! Money may come with fame; I care not.

Our twin souls are reunited! to avoid argument with the materialistic father, Alice and I were secretly married.

How happy she is!

She worships my genius and I read her my poems all day long. She is not brilliant herself, but quite stupid persons can recognize merit in others. My magnificent lines on the empty aeons she pronounces the greatest poem in the world's literature, although I find she thought aeons were some sort of soup tureen.

Alice's father has no money!

I am crushed, crushed like a fragile blossom of the roadside.

I shut myself up in the house and penned some inspired lines beginning, "The mordant tooth of most malicious time." It is on the Shakespearean plan, but improved.

Alice, it appears, is a stenographer. She works—being of a coarser nature, work does not grate on her nerves—during the day in some stolid office, so we do not lack the bread to nourish our earthly frames. Of spiritual sustenance I, who need so much, receive none from her.

Alice will not listen to my verses any longer. My sonnet, "My Soul Is Soaked in Paradise," only made her say vulgarly that everything else was soaked in the hockshop.

At a poem recital last night I met my affinity.

Happy, happy day!

Our souls leaped together across space as I read her my lines "On an Emaciated Butterfly." She is a widow, whose husband left her nearly a million dollars. Crude prosperity.

Mrs. Flopdobs is past 50, woman's most charming age, and she recognizes me as her true twin soul.

I wrote Alice's father:

"I have met my affinity. And for Alice until I can obtain a divorce."

Alice's father called next day. "What's this about an affinity?" he said, and then before I could reply he muttered coarse expressions about "taking it out of my hide."

The doctor says I can leave the hospital in ten days. In the meantime Mrs. Flopdobs consoles me with daily visits. She has opened a bank account for me and deeded me a house.

In return I have written her the lines, "Through empty aeons I have strayed."

My affinity!—Wex Jones in Los Angeles Examiner.

LOOKING FOR GENTLEMAN.

English Novelist Will Seek One in America.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Among the notables on the passenger list of the Cedric, which arrived from Liverpool and Queenstown, was Mrs. Ellen Glyn, English novelist.

Mrs. Glyn expects to spend three months touring this country in search of material for her next novel, which is to have a typical American gentleman as hero. The novelist is a pretty fresh colored woman of 35, with bright yellow hair. She denied that she meant to advocate free love in her late book, "Three Weeks," which has created such a furore on both sides of the ocean.

"It is a lie to say that I sought to preach any such doctrine," said Mrs. Glyn. "I simply studied a certain type of high-class Russian women who throw off the marriage ties openly and publicly when it suits them. I tried to reproduce my impressions of such a woman in my book."

"Why, I would be the last woman in the world to favor such a propaganda," went on Mrs. Glyn. "I have been married for fifteen years—happily married. I have a husband, an English squire, whom I love with all my heart, and two daughters to whom I am devoted."

"I am a homekeeping body, and it

is not often I stir from our country place of Sheering in Essex."

"It has been said that I expected to make a man of the 'Four Hundred,' the hero of my next book. This is also an error. I expect to make my hero an American gentleman—whether I find him in society or a cowboy camp. I admire American men. Their courtesy to women wins me. In this respect I must admit their superiority to Englishmen. I like the American girls, too—for their independence."

STOPPED HER WEDDING.

Because Dead Husband's Spirit Came and Warned Her.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 12.—Declaring that her dead husband had come to her in spirit and warned her against marrying again, Mrs. Mary Lincoln, of State street, Wilmerding, widow of Charles Lincoln, tonight refused to proceed with her intended marriage to Joseph Parker, a prominent young man of Wilmerding, and the guests who were assembled to witness the ceremony were dismissed.

Mrs. Wilmerding moves in the best society in Wilmerding, a suburb of this city. A little more than a year ago her husband died. After a brief period of mourning she entered society again, was courted and finally won by Parker. Parker furnished a house on Patton street, and all plans were made for the ceremony this evening.

This afternoon when Parker called at the home of his fiancée he found her in tears and greatly excited. She finally declared that the ceremony could not proceed, but refused to give a reason.

Her mother said that sometime during last night her daughter came sobbing into her room and declared that she had just been visited by the spirit of her dead husband.

He had warned her against marrying again, she said, and when she protested the spirit had taken hold of her arms and held her until she promised that she would call the marriage off. She was completely exhausted, and declared that her arms ached from the encounter with her husband's spirit.

FELL IN LOVE.

And Then Fell Into the Hands of the Police.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The love of a brain-sick youth for the wife of his employer and the pursuit of a doctor's wife by a wild-eyed "wire-fixer" lodged both the persistent suitors in the workhouse yesterday.

Mrs. Louise Hegeman, of 73 West Ninety-fourth street, had Charles Hanson in the West Side Court, for the second time within three months on a charge of attacking her.

"Why, the silly child is only 20," said the complainant, who weighs 225 pounds. "My husband took him to work and instantly fell in love with me. He wrote me endearing letters until I had to have him discharged. Then he began to force his way into the house to see me. Once when I tried to put him out he started to fight. I've grown a little weary of hearing him call me his affinity—especially as I'm old enough to be his mother."

Hanson, who is only 18, was trundled off to the island, moaning, "Though she is cruel, I love her still."

Mrs. John F. Thatcher, wife of a physician at 815 Fifth avenue, told the Yorkville magistrate that for several days Benjamin Frey had been annoying her with calls, saying he was a wire-fixer.

When he tried to force his way into the house yesterday, Mrs. Thatcher kept him prisoner in the vestibule while she telephoned for the police. Frey said he was a painter, living at 426 West Thirty-seventh street. He rambled about his work and his love for Mrs. Thatcher until the magistrate bundled him off to the island, too.

WOMEN IN QUANDARY.

Laundry Declines to Wash Shirt Waists.

FRESNO, Oct. 12.—What the Fresno women are to do for laundry work is an unsolved problem which is causing considerable worry to the members of the gentler sex. Yesterday a member of Fresno's social set rang up the French laundry, asking that the wagon call for a small bundle.

"Is it a lady's washing?" was the inquiry.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then we can't take it. We are getting out nothing nowadays but gentlemen's collars and cuffs."

"Do you refuse to wash ladies' waists?" was the offended inquiry.

"Yes, madam, unless they are in a bundle with gentlemen's collars or shirts."

This is one of many similar instances. So the Fresno women are about to roll up their sleeves and be their own laundresses. It is a case of doing this or sneaking a waist or two in their husbands' or brother's

bundle. The scarcity of help is assigned as the reason for this state of things.

SUN WORSHIP CULT.

Many Society Folks Converted at Lowell, Mass.

LOWELL, Mass., Oct. 12.—The city is in a state of excitement over the appearance of the Rev. Otoman Zar Haduht Hanish, in connection with the dedication of a sanctuary of sun worship, under the name of "Temple of Sparta Maria." The worshippers call themselves "Mazdaznans."

It has just been discovered that many leading society women of Lowell have secretly joined the cult and this has intensified the excitement among the other religious bodies, already aroused by stories of the strange ceremonies attending the dedication of the temple, which began on Friday.

Hanish, who is a little yellow-skinned Persian, came here unheralded to any save those who compose the band of sun worshippers.

Public feeling is running so high on account of Hanish's preachings on reincarnation and purification that it is said tonight he will leave Lowell in the morning. He was denounced in various sermons on Sunday.

Owing to the feeling aroused, all but the sun-worshippers themselves were barred from the dedicatory services. Hanish preached in silken robes.

Among the doctrines taught to the followers of the cult is one to the effect that perfect knowledge and happiness can be obtained by any individual on his solar plexus long enough to see an imaginary yellow light before his eyes. They also say that eating beans and violets will make one live forever.

The temple Sparta Maria here is the only one of its kind in the United States outside of Chicago. It was built with funds supplied by Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, who asserts, it is said, that she is a reincarnated prophetess. She is the leader and teacher of the cult here, and is the one who brought Hanish on from Chicago. He made his first visit here two years ago, when he was allowed to use the First Universalist church for a lecture. He was bitterly denounced by members of the church and others who attended the lecture. His re-appearance this week was unheralded.

Hanish appeared in New York in 1905 and gathered some sunworshippers about him. He preached to them in gorgeous yellow robes. Among his converts was Louis Potter, sculptor, a cousin of Bishop Potter. Another was Mrs. Brownie Rathbone Weaverson, who was arrested on the charge of practicing medicine without a license. Hanish said he was the son of a Persian nobleman.

Sun-worship appeals particularly to middle-aged society women, the leaders of the cult say, because they are told that devout attention to the doctrine of the society will make them look thirty years younger and add that much to their span of life.

INTRODUCED CAKEWALK.

Mrs. John R. Drexel Will Return to United States.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Mrs. John R. Drexel's friends are delighted with the news, flashed by cable that she and Mr. Drexel expect to spend the winter in New York. The Drexels have been in Europe for the past two years; in fact, ever since they took active sides in the much-mooted question of the Newport cottage colony tax rating.

On this occasion Drexel "paid, packed and moved," declaring that henceforth he would reside abroad.

Since, they have been entertained by the most prominent people on the other side, and Mrs. Drexel is now longing to return to the social whirl of her own country.

It will be recalled that it was this dashing hostess who took the daring step of introducing cake walking into the Four Hundred. It was during a ball she gave at Newport at the old Drexel place, opposite the Breakers, at Ochre Point, some six years ago, when she led the cake walk with William K. Vanderbilt, sr., and it immediately became popular.

The Drexels, accompanied by William Hude Neilson, are expected in Newport next week, and will open the Drexel town house the following week.

OUSTS WOMEN.

In 1888 two women were elected in London to the county council, Jane Cobden, daughter of Richard Cobden, and Lady Sandhurst. The latter was given charge of twenty-three asylums for babies. Lord Beresford Hope contested the election and after long litigation he won. Then the babies of London were left to the tender mercies of men councilors.

The first circulating library belonged to Pamphilus, presbyter of Caesarea, who lived in the third and fourth century A. D. He collected